

GOVERNMENT'S NEW £420,000,000 CREDIT VOTE

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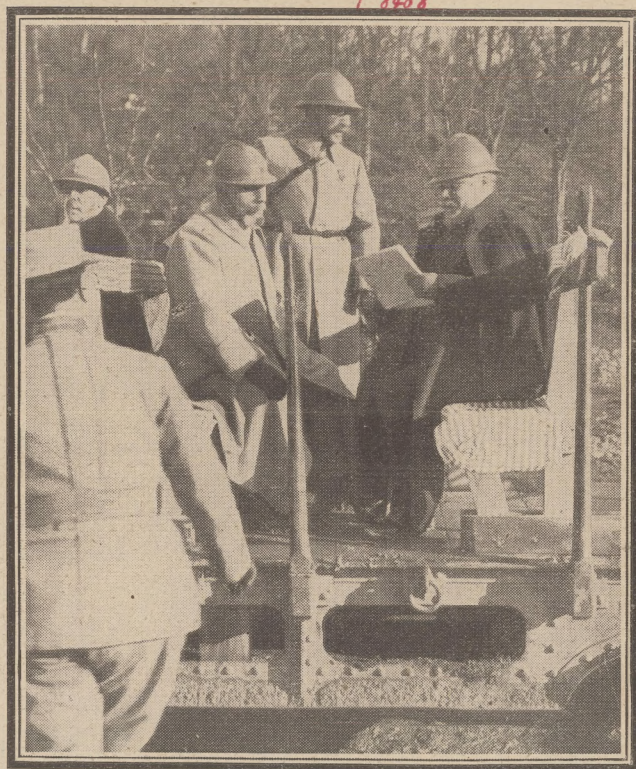
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1916

One Halfpenny.

THE STEEL-HELMETED PRESIDENT: M. POINCARE TRAVELS TO THE TRENCHES ON A LIGHT RAILWAY.

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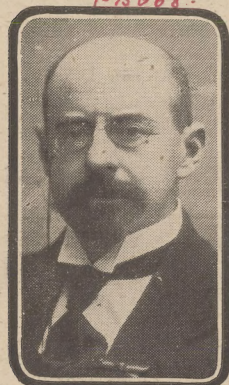


In a trench. In each case the President is seen wearing a steel helmet.

On the military light railway, on which he travelled to the trenches.

NEW WAR MINISTER.

P 15668.



M. Emile Vandervelde, who has just been appointed Belgian Minister for War. He is the leader of the Belgian Socialists, and is one of the finest speakers in Europe.— (Elliott and Fry.)



M. Poincaré (in dark clothes) inspecting the defences in the Woevre.

These photographs illustrate M. Poincaré's visit to the defensive works of the Woevre district. He was accompanied by General Roques, who is seen seated on the light railway facing the President.— (By permission of L'Illustration and the Illustrated London News.)

A SULTAN'S DEATH.

P 136 M



His Highness Sir Idris Merisid-el-Azam, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., Sultan of Perak, who has died. He was the best known of the ruling chiefs of the Federated Malay States.— (Elliott and Fry.)

FIRST CALL TO CLASS 1 OF CONSCRIPTS.

"No-Exemption" Screw Being Tightened at Tribunals.

MAN WHO WOULDN'T KILL.

There was considerable misunderstanding yesterday regarding the expected "call up" of Derby recruits in Group 1.

At first it was announced that the Proclamations had been posted, but later the Publicity Department, at Great Scotland-yard, announced they had no knowledge of the issue of the Proclamation.

However, it is confidently expected that both Class 1 under the Military Service Act and Group 1 of the Derby recruits will be called to the colours this week.

The men affected by the Group 1 call are bachelors who were eighteen years old on August 15 last, but it is understood that men

EVERY SCRAP OF PAPER

is important now that its import is so severely restricted. Order your copy of "The Daily Mirror" in advance, and so prevent the waste of paper incurred by printing unnecessary copies.

will not be compelled to join the ranks until they have passed their nineteenth birthday.

With the calling up of Group 1 and Class 1 all the eligible single men of the country will be accounted for, and the younger married groups will have to be considered next.

An important development regarding the position of unmarried married men may be expected during the present week.

An official warning will probably be issued to unmarried married men urging upon them the necessity of attesting their delay. It is stated on good authority, though unofficially, that the calling up of the married classes will not begin before the end of March or the first weeks in April. In the meantime the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee is giving the matter very careful attention.

The proceedings of the various metropolitan tribunals yesterday indicated that, as has been foretold, "the screw is being tightened" and that the granting of exemptions or deferments to later groups is only granted in genuine hard cases.

OBJECTOR'S WEAK HEART.

At the City of London Tribunal an application was made for the postponement of the Lord Mayor's footmen, it being contended that it was not possible to find a substitute of equal ability. The tribunal would not grant an exemption, but allowed a postponement of a month.

At Westminster a twenty-year-old bookkeeper applied for absolute exemption on the grounds of conscientious objection. He was a Wesleyan, he said.

Asked whether he would rather that his mother and sister suffered than that he should kill a German, the applicant replied: "I would protest, but I would not kill." Subsequently he added that he suffered from nerves and had a weak heart. The application was refused.

At the same hearing an assistant secretary's case came under consideration. It was stated that the man was practically blind in one eye. The tribunal suggested that he might be useful for clerical work and rejected the application.

At Southwark the tribunal dismissed an application on behalf of a butcher's assistant, who, it was stated, was the son of an unaturalised German. A member of the tribunal, commenting on this case, said it was not fair that young fellows should be exempted from the front while Germans were left behind to make money.

WILL NOT DISCLOSE NAME.

There is much speculation as to the identity of the member of the Government who is said to have urged members of Parliament that they should take steps to intervene against the Military Service (No. 2) Bill when it comes before the House of Commons on the ground that the hand of the Prime Minister was being forced by the conscriptionists.

A statement to this effect was made in a speech by Mr. Percy Alden, M.P., to his constituents, but, though pressed, he refused to disclose the name of the Minister.

HID BETWEEN THE RAFTERS.

For harbouring her son when he had deserted Major Jane Stockdale, mother of a young soldier, was committed to prison at Lancaster yesterday for one month and hard labour.

The soldier had evaded the authorities four times, and when the police went to the house with a search warrant, he was said to have hidden behind the rafter when the police were coming in.

She denied that her son was in the house, but he was found between the rafters and the ceiling.

NO RAID INQUEST.

The Deal coroner decided yesterday not to hold an inquest concerning the death of the boy killed in the air raid at Walmer.

"The coroner's view is that where the death is due to an act of war an inquest is not necessary. He states the raid only resulted in one death and injury to one man. These two persons were walking together when a bomb burst close to them."

CLUB DRAMA.

Story of Accusations Against Member in Claim for Libel Damages.

"TREATING THE BOYS."

Mr. Justice Darling and a special jury yesterday resumed the hearing of the libel action in which Mr. George Aston, a stockbroker and member of the Junior Athenaeum Club, sued Mr. Lionel A. Martin, chairman of the committee, who is also chairman of Messrs. Tate and Sons, the sugar refiner.

Plaintiff complained of certain letters by the defendant and his solicitor with reference to an allegation that he had acted improperly as a member of the club.

Mr. E. W. Nunn, plaintiff's solicitor, gave evidence, saying that he attended a meeting of the club committee with Mr. Aston. Witness asked for the charge against Mr. Aston to be formulated, and the secretary, Mr. De Cartaret, made a statement.

Then three of the club servants were called before the committee. The billiards marker, a man named Oakden, said "one of the members" used to treat the page-boys late at night, and had treated one, who had since left. He also said he had seen the member treat them to whisky and soda and gin and soda on three occasions.

No one was called, added Mr. Nunn, who said he had actually had a drink with or been treated by Mr. Aston.

At the end of the meeting the committee passed a resolution censuring Mr. Aston for "undignified conduct as a member of the club."

When the evidence for the plaintiff was concluded Mr. Gordon Hewart, K.C., submitted that no case had been made out for the defendant to meet. There was nothing defamatory in the letters, and certainly no malice.

Mr. Justice Darling refused to withdraw the case from the jury.

Giving evidence, Mr. Martin said that in March, 1915, a complaint was made alleging that Mr. Aston had been drinking and smoking the page-boys. Mr. Aston denied that there was any justification for the charge.

GREAT TRADE FAIR.

Exhibition Showing How Germany Is Being Ousted from the Markets.

The war on German trade is beginning to bear fruit.

At the British Industries Fair, which opened at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, yesterday, there are hundreds of thousands of toys—all of them of British manufacture.

The outlook for British makers," said one of the exhibitors to *The Daily Mirror*, "was never brighter than at the present moment. Military toys in particular are in great demand."

"So far as soft-goods toys are concerned, we have ousted the Germans, and we shall have no difficulty in retaining our position."

"But can you compete with German prices?" asked *The Daily Mirror*.

"So far as soft-goods toys are concerned, we are naturally hampered by the increased cost of materials."

Queen Mary visited the fair yesterday afternoon. Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, also made a personal inspection of the stalls.

One of the features of the toy department is the exhibition of toys made by disabled soldiers and sailors at Lord Roberts's memorial workshops.

A one-armed man has become quite an artist in wood-modelling, and his models of Charlie Chaplin have been sold by the thousands. Other departments include specimens of what Britain can do in the manufacture of earthenware, porcelain and china, glass ware, fancy goods, stationery and printing.

HOPED WARSHIP WOULD BE SUNK.

At Portsmouth yesterday John Christopher Green, fifty-four, a fitter's labourer in the dock yard, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment under the Defence of the Realm Act.

Prisoner, who said he was the son of a clergyman and had become practically a dipsomaniac, pleaded that he had no recollection of the offence alleged, namely, of stating in a public-house that he hoped a certain warship would be torpedoed.

Naval men present informed the police.

CATHOLICS CONDEMN REPRISALS.

Dealing with the subject of retaliatory air attacks on enemy towns, Monsignor Moyes, of Westminster Cathedral, one of the best known of the Catholic clergy in London, said to a Press representative yesterday:

"In the matter of reprisals the Catholic Church requires us to remember the great moral principles that we cannot do evil that good may come thereof."

"As the root principle which alone justifies war is that of self-preservation or self-defence, it can never be right to kill directly and of set purpose non-combatants who are innocent of the offence."

Hence the attitude of the Catholic Church in the condemnation of reprisals which are institutionally directed against innocent non-combatants."

TUBS FOR "TOMMY."

Women's Club That Sends Zinc Baths to Soldiers in Trenches.

HOT TOFFEE AND A WASH.

The catch phrase of one of the oldest and most sedate of women's clubs is now "Tubs for 'Tommy.'" The sight of a zinc bathtub placed in the former dining hall of the Empress Club in Dover-street disconcerts the members not one whit.

This woman's club formed an emergency voluntary aid committee exactly eight days after the outbreak of the war.

About a year ago they discovered that the soldiers' most urgent need was cleanliness.

Immediately they sent out to the firing line a batch of zinc baths narrow enough to be placed actually in a trench, wide enough to hold "Tommy" and the water, together with a collapsible boiler to heat the water.

Then the military authorities heard of "Tubs for Tommy" and ordered 700 on trial. These proved very popular. Now the floors of the Empress Club are impassable with orders addressed to commanding officers, to hospitals, to R.A.M.C. units, to "Private Blank 10402" himself. Nearly 1,900 tubs have been sent out.

But "Tommy" has a second and more annoying enemy than trench mud. To deal with this problem portable disinfectors used in conjunction with the baths are added to the gifts.

Each bath and each disinfectant form up in the trench each man places his uniform within the sterilising disinfectant and draws it out pure and wholesome.

The initiative of the Empress Club does not stop at baths, disinfectors and hospital requisites. Members of the club have also invented a hot toffee guaranteed to warm, feed and please the soldier when his bath is over.

COSTLY CLEANLINESS.

Twelve per Cent. Increase Announced by the Launderers' Association.

Cleanliness is a traditionally English virtue. In future, it is likely to be a fairly expensive virtue.

Your laundry will cost you more.

The Launderers' Association announce a further increase of about 12 per cent. on laundry work. There was an advance of 10 per cent. last April.

Of course, the war is responsible.

"Everything that a laundry uses has been increasing in price steadily since the war," said Mr. Stark, the secretary of the Launderers' Association, to *The Daily Mirror*.

Then he corrected himself. "I am wrong," admitted.

"There is one thing the price of which has not gone up, for the simple reason that it is regulated by Act of Parliament. I refer to water."

Everything else is dearer: soap, soda, fuel, horse-fodder, the purchase price of horses, petrol, wages—postage even.

We were forced to put up prices. Even as it is, the increase won't meet the additional expenses.

"There is no question of making money out of the public. Believe me, only too many laundries would be glad to close down for the duration of the war if they saw a reasonable prospect of picking up their trade again when it was all over."

One effect of the war has been to abolish foreign laundry work. Scores of Englishmen were in the habit of sending their laundry work out to the Continent. A large number of convents and religious houses "took in washing." The French nun makes an excellent blanchisseuse.

THE KING'S RED CROSS GIFT.

For the forthcoming sale at Christie's in aid of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John the King has presented a magnificent panel of Chinese embroidery of Imperial yellow silk, upon which the Imperial Dragon and emblems of the Imperial House are worked. The Queen has presented two inscribed jewelled bracelets which have been worn by her. The last day for receiving gifts is February 29, and the sale depot is at 48, Pall Mall, S.W.

DID NOT LIKE THE KILT.

Charged at Enfield Petty Sessions yesterday with being a deserter from the Seaforth Highlanders, a private named Gentle said he had joined the Royal Navy.

Asked by the chairman why he did so, prisoner said he deserted his regiment because he could not adapt himself to the kilt.

Remanded for an escort.

23,000 UNINTERNED ALIENS.

To a question put by Mr. B. McNeill in the House of Commons yesterday, for particulars regarding the numbers of uninterned alien enemies in this country, Mr. Samuel replied that the term included many persons of friendly races under the control of the Germans, Austrians or Turks, and 15,000 persons over seventy years of age.

Including all these, except British born wives, the latest figures of uninterned alien enemies were 12,446 males and 10,550 females.

WANTED TO FIGHT ANY QUAKER.

How Father of Soldiers Shared in Peace "Discussion."

DEBATE THAT FAILED.

"There is going to be no peace talk in this 'Eden of Cowardice' until the Germans have been beaten and driven back across their own frontiers."

It was the Society of Friends' Meeting House in Bishopsgate, where there were lively scenes yesterday afternoon, which was thus referred to as the "Eden of Cowardice."

Luncheon-hour meetings by Quakers have been held here every Monday for some weeks past.

Yesterday's meeting, over which a woman presided—though she made but futile efforts to assert her authority in the chair—was to have taken the form of a debate between Mr. R. H. Glover, of the Anti-German Union, and Mr. P. H.

THE BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP.

Exclusive pictures of the great match between Sullivan and O'Keefe will appear in to-morrow's "Daily Mirror."

Smith, of the Society of Friends, on the subject, "Should the Society of Friends Continue Their Peace Work in War-time?"

But speeches from members of the audience in denunciation of the society and its peace talk occupied all the available time, and the proceedings closed without any peace speaker being allowed to say anything. The meeting ended with the singing of the National Anthem and cheers for Lord Kitchener and much hooting for the Society of Friends.

The hall was packed to overflowing and the audience included a number of young men in khaki and in naval uniforms.

MEN WHO HAVE GIVEN ALL.

Mr. Hayes, who has taken a prominent part in opposing previous meetings, arose at the outset and dubbed the Friends' Meeting House the "Eden of Cowardice."

Then Mr. Deakes proposed a resolution that the meeting should not be allowed to proceed. This was seconded by Mr. Lindsay Johnson, who, amid much cheering, said that the meetings being held there were an insult to the King and the thousands of Englishmen who had sacrificed everything for King and country.

Again and again the woman chairman, who was on her feet the whole time, made appeals that the discussion should be allowed to go on, but her requests met with but little support.

The tone of the meeting was distinctly against the debate being held or of any peace talk being permitted at all.

OFFER NOT ACCEPTED.

Many speakers protested against this being done.

During all this time Mr. Smith was sitting beside the chairwoman, but Mr. Glover had not yet made his appearance.

The protests grew stronger and stronger, and several of the speakers intimated that if any attempt was made to hold the meeting the hall would be quickly cleared.

The speaker—a working man—said he had three sons at the front. He himself was sixty-one years of age; but, he added cheerfully, he would fight any Quaker, peace crank or slacker in this hall, whether armed or not.

Mr. Grundy, another opponent of the meeting, asked whether it was not time that these meetings were dropped altogether, and suggested that the Quakers should turn their attention to the needs of that body.

Other speakers declared they were members of the Anti-German Union, and that Mr. Glover had consented to take part in the discussion without the consent of that body.

When the meeting concluded with the singing of the National Anthem two men who did not uncover had their hats knocked off.

NO WOMEN DRIVERS FOR LONDON.

There is no immediate possibility, so it is stated, of women being granted licences for driving taxicabs or motor-omnibuses in the London area.

The need for such a departure has not arisen, and the only reason for such an innovation would be pressing military requirements.

DOCTOR'S OVERDOSE OF MORPHIA.

A Lambeth jury decided yesterday that Arthur Houghton, a medical practitioner, who was found dead on a bed at the Waterloo Hotel, York-road, took an overdose of morphia—a huge amount, Dr. Dewsbury described it by misadventure.

The widow, who gave her address as Highams Park, Chingford, said that she and her husband arrived in England from New Zealand last May, and he obtained a licentiate in the R.A.M.C. He was slightly wounded in France and was invalided home, but was sent later to Marseilles. He returned home suffering from neurasthenia.

From a bright disposition, added the witness, he changed to a melancholy temperament. He might have taken drugs when he had neurasthenic pains or heart trouble.

Read "Compulsory Table Manners for Huns," by Ernest Hamilton on page 5.

ZEPPELIN, HIT BY FIRE SHELL, FALLS IN FLAMES

Brilliant Feat by French Motor-Gun Section.

GREAT AIR BATTLES.

French Squadron Attack and Rout German Flyers.

FOKKER BROUGHT DOWN.

GUNFIRE DESTROYS ZEPP.

Exciting events on land and in the air occurred in the west yesterday, but of the two kinds of events those of the air must take precedence. A Zeppelin was hit by a fire shell of a French motor-gun section, and fell in flames.

There were many air fights, in which the French were victorious, and there were two big raids on a German aviation field and munition works. French air squadrons, too, attacked and put to flight German air coys.

A raid by twenty-six British aeroplanes was also carried out yesterday, and extensive damage was done to enemy stores and railway.

FOUR-MILE GAS ATTACK.

On the land, in the sector of Lihons, the Germans directed on the French lines a fierce bombardment and successive emissions of asphyxiating gas on a front of four miles. But it was all to no purpose.

WAR AT £4,400,000 A DAY.

Mr. Asquith, in the House of Commons yesterday, asked for a further vote of credit amounting to £420,000,000. With a gross expenditure of nearly £4,400,000 a day the credit will take us to the beginning of June.

With the actual raising of the money Mr. Asquith has little to do, this being Mr. McKenna's work. With this vote the total war expenditure will be over £2,000,000,000, but of this sum about £423,000,000 has been advanced to Allies and will be repayable in due course.

BIG BRITISH AIR RAID ON FOE'S DEPOTS.

Twenty-six Aeroplanes Cause Great Damage at Don.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)
GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Feb. 21, 9.26.—An attack on the depots at Don was carried out by twenty-six aeroplanes yesterday.

Extensive damage is believed to have been done to the stores and railway. All machines returned safely.

Our artillery has actively bombarded the hostile trenches about Hulluch and north of the Ypres-Comines Canal.

A large explosion resulted from our heavy howitzer fire against gun positions in Radinghem area.

The enemy's aircraft has during the last few nights made several night attacks on the various towns in our area, with no military result. A few civilians were, however, killed.

"BRITISH CANAL ATTACK WAS REPULSED."

Germans Claim To Be Holding New Position North of Ypres.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)
BERLIN, Feb. 21.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon:—

North of Ypres.—A British hand grenade attack delivered against our new position on the canal was repulsed.

South of Loos the enemy was again forced to withdraw from our crater position. On the Lens-Arras high road the enemy attacked without success.

Our aeroplane squadron attacked several enemy positions situated behind their lines, such as Furnes, Poperinghe, Amiens and Luneville. Many successful results were observed.

Eastern Theatre.—Russian attacks before Dvinsk failed. Minor enemy advances were also repulsed at other points on the front.

Balkan Theatre.—There is nothing to report.

—Wireless Press.

FOE'S GREAT GAS ATTACK ON 4-MILE FRONT.

Germans' Attempt to Leave Trenches Repulsed by French Curtain Fire.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)
PARIS, Feb. 21.—The official communiqué issued this evening says:—

In Artois, north of the Lille road, the enemy exploded a mine. An immediate counter-attack dislodged him from the crater, of which we hold one of the sides.

Towards the end of the afternoon the Germans carried out a violent bombardment of our trenches north-west of Givenchy, to which we replied energetically.

South of the Somme, in the sector of Lihons, after having directed against our lines an intense bombardment and successive asphyxiating gas attacks on a front of four miles, the enemy attempted to come out of his trenches at different points.

EVERYWHERE REPULSED.

He was everywhere repulsed by our curtain and infantry fire.

In Champagne we carried out effective firing against the German organisations west of the St. Hilaire—St. Souplet road.

In the Argonne, we directed a destructive fire on the enemy's works near the St. Hubert road. We demolished several observation posts in the neighbourhood of the Cheppy Wood.

Throughout the region of Verdun the two artilleries continue to display great activity. South of St. Mihiel we bombarded the German positions in the Bois d'Ailly.

The Germans fired a certain number of shells on the St. Die. One inhabitant was killed and seven were wounded.

Aviation.—The day was marked by numerous fights in the air.

AIR SQUADRON ATTACKED.

Over Tagnon, east of Altkirk, one of our aeroplanes attacked at very close quarters a Fokker, firing fifteen shots at it. The enemy machine sideslipped on its right wing and then fell.

In the region of Epinal an Albatross was brought down by our artillery fire.

In the region of Bures, north of the Forest of Parroy, a German machine was attacked by two of our aeroplanes, and fell within our lines. The pilot and the passenger were killed.

A squadron of seven French machines fought four enemy aeroplanes in the region of Vigneulles les Hattionchapel. Two of the latter were forced to land. The two others fled.

BOMBING RAIDS.

Enemy machines bombarded Fismes, Bar le Due and Revigny. Near this last point a second enemy machine was attacked by one of our chaser squadrons, and was forced to flight.

One German machine was brought down near Givry en Argonne.

The two airmen were made prisoners. A second enemy machine which was pursued dived suddenly into its own lines.

One of our bombing groups, composed of seventeen aeroplanes, dropped seventy bombs of heavy calibre on the aerodrome of Habsheim and on the goods station of Mulhouse.

ZEPP IN FLAMES.

Another group of twenty-eight machines dropped numerous bombs on the enemy's munition factory of Pargny-sur-Moselle.

At the conclusion of these several operations all our machines returned to their landing grounds.

A Zeppelin flying south from Sainte Menocheville was brought down by the motor-gun section of Revigny.

The Zeppelin was shot through with an incendiary shell, and fell in flames in the neighbourhood of Brabant le Roi.—Reuter.

M.P.'s. AMAZING STORY OF AIR FIGHT.

Statement in Commons That British Aeroplanes Fought Each Other.

An extraordinary statement was made by Captain Bennett-Goldney, the member for Canterbury, in the House of Commons last night.

He had, he said, just come from the district where there had been another daylight raid, and as on previous occasions the enemy aircraft left our shores unscathed.

A month ago, he said, when a previous raid took place, the machines were not ready and the officers were not present.

"What happened? A battle between one of our aeroplanes and one of the enemy's, both of which mistook the other for the enemy."

(Laughter.)
"But even that was not enough, for having witnessed the fray our anti-aircraft gunners turned their fire on both, and in a vain attempt to bring them down managed to damage the tower of Walmer Church and injure some of the men in the barracks there."

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 21.—The following official statement has been issued in Berlin by the Chief of the Naval Staff:—

On February 20, at noon, naval air machines attacked the English coast.

Factories at Deal, railway and harbour works and a gasometer at Lowestoft were liberally bombarded with good results. The main station and the harbour works at Lowestoft were hit several times.

The gasometer collapsed from the effects of the bombs. In the Downs two tank steamers were pelted.

Despite bombardment and pursuit by enemy airmen, our air machines all returned safely.—Reuter.

The Secretary of the War Office communicates the following:—

"Later information obtained states that the casualties (at Walmer) were over-estimated, the total being a lad of sixteen or seventeen killed and another of the same age injured.

About twenty shop fronts in the town were blown in."

BRITISH AIRMAN WRECKS TURK POWER STATION.

37 British Beat Enemy Force of 200 in East Africa.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The Secretary for War makes the following announcement:—

Egypt.—A telegram received from the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief in the Mediterranean states that, in the course of an aeroplane reconnaissance on the enemy's advanced post east of the Canal on February 20 one of our airmen, descending to 600ft., destroyed the enemy's power station at El Hassana with a 100lb. bomb.

MEN WHO HELD THE FORT.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The War Office issued the following communiqué yesterday:—

East Africa.—Information has been received from General Smuts that on February 18 an enemy force of four Europeans and 200 native soldiers attacked the post of Kaohumbe, on the Uganda border, fifteen miles north-west of Kyaka.

The strength of our post was two Europeans and about thirty-five native soldiers.

The enemy were driven off with the loss of four Europeans and fifty-three natives, a machine gun complete, forty-five rifles and a quantity of ammunition. Our casualties were nil.

NATION'S WAR BILL NOW £2,082,000,000.

Our Expenditure "Beyond the Imagination of Any Financier."

GUARDING AGAINST WASTE

The war is not costing £5,000,000 a day.

That was one of the most interesting facts which emerged from the Prime Minister's speech in the House of Commons last night.

Mr. Asquith asked for a Vote of Credit of £420,000,000, the largest sum ever demanded of the British Parliament.

The main points of his speech are appended:

The total advances to Allies, including advances from the Bank of England and Votes of Credit, would not fall far short of 423 millions.

The cost of the war per day averages £4,300,000.

To "err on the side of precaution," the Government are asking for £5,000,000 a day until the end of May.

Three Committees are checking the expenditure of the great spending Departments.

The new Vote of Credit raises the total advanced since the outbreak of war to 2,082,000,000, "a figure beyond the imagination of any financier in any country."

On the assumption that the expenditure was £5,000,000 a day, the Vote would last for sixty days from April 1 to the end of May.

HOW WAR BILL ROSE.

Here are some of the colossal sums from the mass of figures quoted by the Prime Minister:—

Total votes of credit for financial

year 1915-16.....£1,420,000,000

Expenditure on Army and Navy.....5,000,000,000

Munitions from April 1 to

February 19.....834,800,000

Loans to Allied Powers during

same period.....148,900,000

Ditto on food supply, railways,

etc.....30,400,000

Average daily expenditure from

April 1 to July 17.....£2,800,000

Ditto from July 18 to September 11.....3,500,000

Ditto from September 12 to Novem-

ber 6.....4,350,000

Ditto from November 7 to Febru-

ary 19.....4,300,000

4,400,000

"I feel an enormous and indeed an overwhelming responsibility in asking the House to assent to this gigantic expenditure," said the Prime Minister.

"I could not do so, nor could my colleagues, unless we were satisfied after carefully exploring the ground that we were not asking one penny more than the exigencies of our cause and the Government's great and historic responsibility demand."

MARVEL OF OUR CREDIT.

It was left to Mr. McKenna to make the most gratifying announcement of the night.

"Comparing our exchange with that of Germany," said the Chancellor, "it will be seen how British credit has been maintained."

"It is an absolute marvel that after eighteen months of war we are still almost the only open gold country in the world. Our paper can be exchanged for gold at the bank. (Cheers.)"

"Notwithstanding the gigantic Votes of Credit, we have not asked for more."

"I have no doubt that a year hence I shall be able to show that we have still maintained our credit." (Loud cheers.)

The promised adjourned debate on the policy of the Government for dealing with hostile aircraft will not take place until the close of the financial year.

FOE'S NIGHT AIR RAIDS.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)
PARIS, Feb. 21.—This afternoon's official communiqué states:—

There was feeble action by the artillery on both sides on the front generally, excepting to the north of Verdun, where there was a certain amount of activity.

In Artois, to the north-west of Hill 140, the enemy unsuccessfully attempted two local grenade attacks.

A squadron of five French aeroplanes bombarded the enemy munition depots at the Chateau de Mestoncourt and at Azoudanga, to the south-west and to the south-east of Dieppe.

German aeroplanes last night threw upon Luneville, Dombeles and Nancy some projectiles, which caused only slight damage.—Exchange.

AIR RAID ON KUT.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:—

Information has been received from the General Officer commanding the troops in Mesopotamia that on February 17 and 19 bombs were dropped by hostile aeroplanes on our camp at Kut, but that no damage was done. There is otherwise no change in the situation.

The dispatch of reinforcements to General

Aylmer is proceeding satisfactorily.



M. Poincaré decorating General Roques with the Legion of Honour. He commands the army in the Voivre, to which the President recently paid a visit.—(By courtesy of "L'Illustration" and the "Illustrated London News".)

MEN WHO HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM GALLIPOLI.

P18642



A remarkable group. (A) Petty Officer Smith, the last man to leave the peninsula and also the last man to leave the transport River Clyde before she was blown up. (B) Petty Officer Hardy, a Triumph survivor. He served in the Boer war and was decorated for rescue work after the Messina earthquake. It is his first visit home for six years. (C) Sergeant McLeish (Royal Marine Artillery), a bomb expert, who has also not been home for six years. (D) Petty Officer Alcock, an Irresistible survivor. (E) Petty Officer T. J. Bryant, an Ocean survivor. (F) Petty Officer Dean, another Irresistible survivor.

WOMEN TRAIN A COLT FOR FARM WORK.

P1103E



Teaching a colt, which will be employed on farm work, to follow leading horses.

CAUGHT THE EAR.

P18640



Frank Mitchell, a young Rushden scout, who stopped a runaway horse by catching it by the ear. He had seen this method illustrated. He refused a reward.

"A VANITY FAIR."

P18645



Lady Diana Manners, who will take a prominent part in the fashion show entitled "A Vanity Fair."

A STOKER'S LUCK.

P18640



John Taylor, of the Arcthusa, who was promoted from the stokehold the day before the vessel was lost. Otherwise he would probably have been drowned.

CANOE CARRIED ON A SIDE-CAR.

P1240F



A soldier who brought a canoe with him from Canada can be seen at times transporting the boat to the upper reaches of the Thames on a specially-constructed side-car. It can be seen in the photograph.

DAIRYMAID STYLE.

P18640



Grey cloth skirt with black cloth at the waist, giving a miniature apron effect.—(Riva.)

FOUND IN FRANCE.

P18640



This photograph was sent to The Daily Mirror by a sergeant in the artillery.

Are You a Victim to DEADLY CATARRH?

CHRONIC COLD IN THE HEAD.

If you have any doubt about your ailment, ask yourself the following questions:—

1. Is my voice husky?
2. Do I sneeze frequently?
3. Do I catch cold easily?
4. Is my nose stopped up?
5. Is my hearing affected?
6. Does my throat feel dry?
7. Do I feel tired on rising?
8. Does my nose discharge?
9. Do I suffer from headache?
10. Do crusts form in my nose?
11. Do I expectorate frequently?
12. Is my sense of smell affected?
13. Is there fulness in my throat?
14. Does phlegm drop into my throat?
15. Do I suffer from noises in my head?
16. Do I suffer from shortness of breath?
17. Does a change in the weather affect me?
18. Do I have to clear my throat frequently?
19. Is there a pain between or over my eyes?
20. Is there a feeling of fulness or pressure in my head?

If you answer "Yes" to any three of the foregoing, you are in the grip of Catarrh, a disease which not only saps your vitality, kills ambition and energy, but only too frequently terminates fatally in Catarrh of the Stomach and dreaded Consumption. Moreover, the constant swallowing of the fetid mucus during sleep, slowly but surely poisons the stomach, liver, kidneys and other organs. You need not, however, suffer another hour if you will only carry out this simple home-treatment which cured me 7 years ago, and has, since then, cured hundreds of others.

With my treatment, known as the "Shirley System," relief is apparent from the very first application. The nose becomes clearer, the mucus no longer drops into the back of the throat, the frontal headache disappears as if by magic, and that "tired feeling" on rising in the morning completely passes away. You will again feel that life is indeed worth living.

No matter how many treatments have been used, do not consider your case hopeless until you have tried the wonderful "Shirley System."

My treatment has proved so remarkably successful even in the worst forms of chronic Catarrh, Deafness, Head Noises, etc., that I will gladly send it on 10 days' free trial on the distinct understanding, that if the patient derives no benefit, no expense of any kind will be incurred. Write to-day (mentioning this paper) and enclose 1d. stamp to cover postage. Address, Elmer Shirley, 45, Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.—(Adv.)

MARVELLOUS VICTORY OVER VARICOSE VEINS

Wonderful. New "Spirastic" Supports.

Old - Fashioned Dangerous Elastic Stockings Entirely Superseded.

A well-known Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances has made a marvellous discovery, which entirely revolutionises the treatment of Varicose Veins.

For the first time it is now possible for the sufferer from this most painful and dangerous ailment to go about in perfect comfort and at the same time to so strengthen the parts that a complete cure is ultimately assured.

As Mr. Cooper, the inventor, says, "Every sufferer from Varicose Veins knows only too well the clumsy and painful nature of the ordinary elastic stocking, but few realise that there is a grave danger in wearing these appliances."

"Ordinary elastic stockings are made with harsh, coarse ribs at the back and sides, and these constantly press upon the distended blood vessels may at any moment set up Inflammation and Ulceration, and thus cause the Varicose Veins to burst."

"Now, however, by my wonderful new 'Spirastic' method the hard, dangerous seams of the old-fashioned elastic stockings are entirely abolished, and perfect comfort and support are given to the limbs."

The new Mosaic "Spirastic" Supports, as clearly shown in the accompanying illustration, are woven on a similar principle to "puttees" which any soldier will tell you are the only possible leg supports for long marches.

Fitting with the softness of a kid glove, they neither press, pinch nor cut the limb, nor do they wrinkle or lose their elasticity. They cost no more than the ordinary hard-ribbed stocking, and yet will last three times as long.

If therefore you suffer from Varicose Veins, Loss of Power in the Legs, Weak Knees, Swollen Ankles, Pain when walking or standing, or Ulcerated Limbs, write at once to Mr. Cooper, Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances, 239, Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C., for free Illustrated Booklet fully describing this wonderful invention.

Mr. Cooper can be seen personally every day (except Saturday) from 10 to 1 and from 2 to 4.



Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1916.

THE PARENT'S REWARD.

AFTER reading the correspondence articles published in *The Daily Mirror* recently on the manners of modern children and on the modern parents' way of bringing them up, a modern mother remarked the other day:—"I don't care what people say. I intend my children never to know a day's unhappiness. I want them to be able to say when they're grown up, 'At least we had a good time when we were young.'"

That is her programme, as she no doubt honestly supposes: that is her intention.

In reality, however, she is merely confessing an impotence while she pretends to be establishing a principle. She is not able to bring up her children properly—the task is utterly beyond her. Therefore she deludes herself by the pretence that she is bringing them up on a reasoned theory.

What theory?

The theory that the more indulged you are, the happier you must be. The theory that, if you indulge the child, the child loves you all the better for it.

Odd theories, frequently refuted by facts!

The always indulged child with its inability to control itself or to give up anything it wants invariably acquires a peevish temper which makes it—"poor little thing"—absolutely miserable. Towards maturity it—we use a convenient pronoun—"it" declares itself melancholy. It has everything, but it is a mass of wants.

Life then meets it face to face, with life's Necessity—inevitable restrictions, natural prohibitions, *thou shalt not* written over the very essence of things. And this dead wall the spoilt child faces with a howl.

Thereupon, its first step always is to turn round on the feeble parents and blame them. "Why didn't you teach me this, that or the other?" "You wouldn't learn." Answer that is simply no answer at all.

And now the grown-up child, who will always be a child grown up, reveals that indifference or callousness towards the parents that was illustrated in an amusing anecdote recounted on this page recently, and in another anecdote included in a letter we publish to-day. The sure way of making a child despise you, or even hate you, is to give him everything—to let him find nothing, achieve nothing, for himself. "Is daddy dead?" What does it matter to the child? Into its open mouth some other grown-up will drop the fruit that used to be supplied by daddy. What are grown-ups for, except to wait on children? And what is life but an unlimited opportunity for stuffing and grabbing and having a good time?

Thus emerges that unmistakably selfish and careless multitude of the young who will take over the affairs of our muddled world "some day"—all the quicker, one supposes, in that our middle generation of young men between twenty and thirty are being so rapidly killed off. In reaction against the far too great severity of an older time—a severity that prompted such attacks upon parents as that in Butler's "Way of All Flesh"—we have gone over to the *give them everything they want* scheme of education. Thus does humanity sway from extreme to extreme, never touching a golden mean, never guided by moderation. The result will be visible to the critical gods in about ten years from now. To those celestial watchers it will be a theme for golden laughter amongst the clouds.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Leave not the business of to-morrow to be done to-morrow; for who knoweth what may be thy condition to-morrow? The rose-garden to-day is full of flowers; to-morrow, when thou wouldst pluck a rose, may not yield thee one.—*Pindarus.*

COMPULSORY TABLE MANNERS FOR HUNS

A POINT WE MIGHT INCLUDE IN OUR PEACE TERMS.

By ERNEST HAMILTON.

I WAS at a dinner party the other day when the question discussed was the terms we ought to impose on the Germans. Not the ordinary terms such as restitution of this or that province or payment of indemnities to this or the other country, but, if I may put it so, the more spectacular side of our conditions of peace.

Everybody agreed that we ought to have something striking, something really novel.

I think that I have hit on the very thing that is wanted.

With all due diffidence, I am having my views put into type on the off chance, as it were, of a member of the Government reading the article while he is breakfasting. Perhaps he might be so struck with the idea that he would rush off to

In my student days I stayed at Wiesbaden. The gardens are not very large, and in a little place like Wiesbaden anyone who is at all presentable soon knows everybody else in society. The result is that the pronounced becomes an orgy of hat-raising and bowing. I remember counting one afternoon and discovering that one man took his hat off to me twenty-three times in one afternoon. That same man would often lecture me on the indifferent and careless manners affected by the English. Once, however, the German finds himself at a dining-table—and he spends a good five hours out of the twenty-four in eating and drinking—he forgets all about manners.

FRIGHTFULNESS AND FOOD.

He has a peculiar fondness for using the knife—no doubt the result of centuries of militarism and being inoculated at an early age with the germs of frightfulness.

On entering a German dining room you bow to everybody else and say "Malzeit," an abbreviation of a phrase intended to convey that you hope your neighbours will enjoy a blessed meal-time. They do. At an invisible word of com-

A HERO-DESPERADO OF THE PARK.



The attraction of the naughty manifests itself early in life. The bad boy is somehow always more interesting than the good boy.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

a Cabinet meeting with *The Daily Mirror* in his hand. An ideal way of punishing the Germans would be on the conclusion of the war to make them revise their table manners.

This would have to be done compulsorily. Probably a Prussian professor or two would be got to write some stupendous tome on the subject.

When I hear people talking about German superiority and organisation and technical ability and all sorts of wonderful accomplishments, I silently agree. Mine is not a head for grasping these learned matters, and I always think it is easier to agree than to argue.

There is one department of life, however, where we absolutely whack the German. That is the way in which we conduct ourselves at table. Not that the German is not very proud of his manners! On the contrary, he likes to think that he is stiffly polite, but courteous—reserved, but affable.

For this reason Germans use up more hats than any other people in Europe. Every time you meet a man you know you take off your hat.

mand they do a sort of dining-room goose-step and tuck their serviette into their collar.

Nor is this without reason, as you discover when soup is served. I first got my clue to the subtle inner meaning of German music when I heard a dozen Teutons eating soup. Fish is generally eaten with a knife, helped by a piece of bread, while boiled meat, with its invariable accompaniment of stewed plums, lends itself to interesting juggling feats. I call to mind a wealthy man at Frankfurt, who lifted up his plate in order to lap up the sauce of the plums, while he kept a firm grip on the meat with two fingers.

The German, however, is at his best when grappling with fowl.

I will frankly admit that I know nothing about carving, but I have the sense to wait until I am served. The German, as a rule, also knows nothing about carving, but does not see much point about the phrase that they also serve who wait.

On the contrary, with much the same feeling as if he were charging the hated English, he

MODERN CHILDREN.

WILL THE NEXT GENERATION BE SELFISH AND "SPOILT"?

EVERYWHERE THE SAME.

THE COMPLETE spoiling of children that goes on nowadays is by no means confined to the well-to-do classes.

The poorer classes, too, have completely lost the art of bringing up children with any sort of manners or sense of reverence and respect. Lyndhurst-road, Exeter. A. L. E.

OUR LITTLE ONES!

MAY I add a true story to the apparently unauthentic one quoted by Sir Philip Burne-Jones in Saturday's *Daily Mirror*?

I recently had the sorrow of losing my husband, and for some hours I grieved at the need of telling my children.

But when I did so I was horror-struck at their indifference. Going into the dining-room and feeling very solemn, I gently broke the news:

"My dear children, your father has died." One of my small boys remarked, "There! Granny will have to keep us now," and the other said, "Oh! Mother, have you a stick? There's a mouse just gone behind the sideboard"—while he calmly went on with his mouse hunt. R. N. J.

NO CANNING.

WE DO not find our Lord advocating the rod for children. Instead we have His tender words: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."

Happily I find the view that I have always taken of corporal punishment is supported by modern books of ethics.

"Intentional cruelty is purposely to give pain to another living being; and that is the greatest of all sins—the work of a devil rather than a man. The use of the cane must be classed under this." B. M. Y.

WITH A RIFLE.

IN answer to "H. K. L.," the reasons why civilians are not allowed to shoot with rifles at Zeppelins are two.

First, because if a rifle bullet hits a Zeppelin it cannot do any harm; the car is bullet proof.

Secondly, civilians can play golf, cricket or football, but they cannot shoot, and if rifles were put in their hands they would shoot each other, saying "I did not know it was loaded." A. MARKSMAN.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 21.—As the precious Christmas roses pass out of flower, the lovely Lenten roses (helleborus orientalis varieties) begin to open, and they will be with us until March is well advanced. They are much taller than the Christmas roses and perfectly hardy. The flowers vary in colour from white to rose, crimson and purple; many being spotted.

Lenten roses must be set in good garden soil and need a shady situation. They should be seldom disturbed; ferns, snowdrops and bluebells may be grown with them. K. F. T.

makes a wild dash for the bird. He grasps it firmly with one hand. In the other is a whizzing sound of a sword striking the enemy.

One Sunday evening I dined at Kempinski's, in the Leipzigerstrasse. Kempinski's is the Trocadero of Berlin, but on a much smaller scale. They will be with us until March is well advanced. In my time they only had two prices for dishes, 9d. and 1s. 3d., and the cooking was excellent.

Opposite to me were an ancient general and the Frau General, an aged lady of benevolent aspect and silvery white hair of the Christmas card school. Chicken was served. The general was delighted. He examined the chicken through his glasses, he wrangled off a piece and pushed it into the mouth of his wife.

A sort of Darby and Joan act; but I suppose it would be regarded as unusual in London.

Yes, I cannot help thinking that if the teaching of table manners is included in our peace terms it will have a great moral effect on the Germans.

ON AN ARMOURD TRAIN



Charging a "95" gun on an armoured train before starting off on a "trip." These land "Dreadnoughts" are most useful weapons.—(French official photograph.)

DEADLY "SMALL SODAS."



Filling and charging soda-water bottles, which are used as grenades. They are thrown by hand into the German trenches.—(French official photograph.)

ROUND A CAM



A French officer chatting with his men in the forests.

GOOD RED WINE TO QUENCH THE POILU'S THIRST.



Barrels of wine for the soldiers at the front. The wine is brought on trucks on which huge casks have been fitted.—(French War Office photograph.)

FOR DINNER TO-DAY.



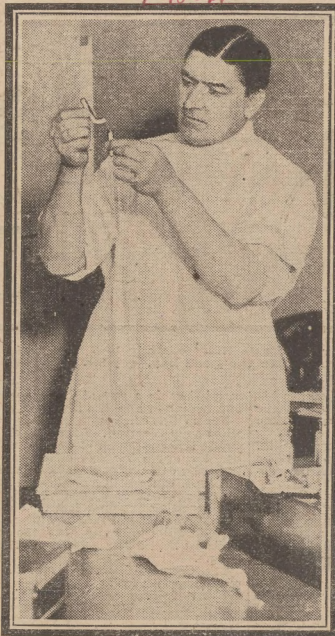
Women are taking up poultry farming in increasing numbers. It is work which they enjoy, and at which many of them have been very successful.

"DORIAN GRAY" MARRIED.



Mr. Lou-Tellegen, who made such a success in "Dorian Gray," and his bride (Miss Geraldine Farrer).

BANISHES THE COLIC.



Captain H. W. Tate, who has discovered an injection for colic which cures horses in half an hour.

THEIR FIRST SNOW MAN.



The children of Mr. Andrew Fisher, the new High Commissioner for Australia in London, making a snow man at St. Albans.

E IN THE VOSGES



...here is very beautiful and covered with pine
...office photograph.)

AN ARCHWAY OF STICKS



Private Chiverall, a Canadian Highlander, and his bride leaving the church at Ramsgate after their wedding yesterday. The bridegroom was until recently a prisoner in Germany.

SLEIGH DOGS ON STAGE



Four snow-white Samoyeds which draw a sleigh across the stage in "Tiger's Cub" at the Garrick. The sleigh was used by Sir Ernest Shackleton.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

DISCARDED SKIRT.



This woman market gardener prefers to wear trousers when at work. A skirt would be certainly a handicap when climbing trees.

CAMELS IN CAMP READY TO START ON A JOURNEY.



Drafts of camels ready to leave for the frontier of Egypt. At the moment the Turk is too busy running away from the Russians to think of Egypt.

"PLEASE KUDDLE MEE": ALL BRITISH TOYS.



Those who visit the British Industries Fair at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, will wonder why we ever imported toys from Germany. The photographs show an 8ft. Teddy bear and one of the huge kuddle-mee toys.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

PARSON."

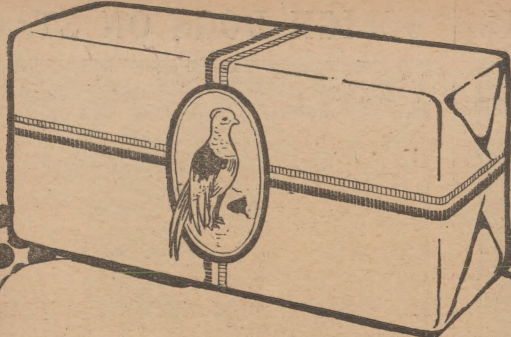


Edwards, vicar of
...hester, where he
...ing parson." He
...fire at the Dar-
...vice he will re-
...y Cross.

BLOWING UP A VILLAGE.



This photograph, which has just been received from the North-West Indian frontier, shows the blowing up of Shan Bar Khan Kor during an attack on the Mohmands.



Don't miss it!

To miss 'Pheasant' is to miss *the* Margarine that, by its superiority of taste, quality, and value, will most surely win your immediate approval.

THE PHEASANT MARGARINE

See the dainty 1-lb. packages with the red, white, and blue ribband and the Pheasant seal.

1 PER LB.

Ask your Grocer or Provision Merchant for it.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADDELPHI. A New Musical Play. **TINA.** To-night, at 8. Mats. Weds. and Sats. at 2.
COPPER FEARLE. PHYLIS BARR. W. H. BERRY. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 2645, 8886 Ger.
AMASSADORS. MORE. by Harry Grattan. Evs. 8.30. Matinee, Thurs. and Sats. at 2.30.
APOLLO. OSCAR ASCHÉ and LILY BRAYTON in THE TALKING OF THE SHERWOOD. Every Evening, at 8.15. MATINEES, Mon. Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.
COMEDY THEATRE. Solo Lessee and Manager, Arthur Chudleigh. SECOND EDITION. SHELL OUT! by Albert de Courville and Wal Pink. Every Evening, at 8.45. Mats. Mon., Fri. and Sats., 2.45. Phone, Ger. 3724.
CRITERION. A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF. Evs. at 8.30. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sats., 2.30.
DALYS. The George Edwards Production. **BETTY.** TO-NIGHT, at 8. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sats., at 2. Windsor Barons, Gabriel Day, C. M. Lyons, Louis de France, Donald Callirop and G. P. HUNTLEY.
DRURY LANE. PUSS IN BOOTS. Evs. 8.30. Mats. Mon., Weds. Thurs. Sats., 1.30. George Graves, Will Evans, Florence Smithson. Smoking permitted at evening performances.
DUKE OF YORKS. DAILY, 2.45 and 8.40. THE JOAN D'ARVER, by Frank Station. LAST WEEK, 2.15 and 8. "As Others See Us" by R. Higginbotham.
GALEITY. Evs. 8.30. Mats. Sats., 2.30. TO-NIGHT'S "THE NIGHT." GEO. GROSSMITH and Gustav Co. GARRICK, 8.30. Mats. Weds. Sats., 2.30. "TIGER'S CUB." BASIL GILL and MADGE TITHEADLE.
GLOBE. Daily, 2.30. Evs. Weds. Fri. Sats., 8.15. Miss MOYA MANNING in PEG O' MY HEART.
HIS MAJESTY'S. MRS. PRETTY and THE PREMIER, by Arthur H. Adams. At 8.15. (LAST 5 NIGHTS). LAST 3 MATINEES, Wed. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
HIS MAJESTY'S. MON. NEXT, at 8.45 (for a limited number of performances) THE AIM OF THE SHOT. Preceded at 8 by the one-act play, DOCTOR JOHNSON. AUTHOR BOURCHIER in Both Plays. Mats. Weds. Sats., 2.30. Evs. 8.15. MATINEES, Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.
LYRIC. BOIS KEANE in ROMANCE. A. E. ANON.
OWEN WARREN. A. E. ANON.
Other Amusements on page 11.

Just add a little extra milk and you can make the most delicious Cakes and Puddings without eggs by using

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MARCHING POWER

Soldiers in training, as well as those on active service, require all the "marching power" they are capable of, and nothing helps a soldier to stand the strain of a long fatiguing march so well as

WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM.

The delicious mint-flavoured confection keeps the soldier fit and well—sustains him—keeps him "out the go"—and prevents thirst. It is the **only** indulgence that is suited to heavy marching. Do **your** soldier boy a good turn, and send him some Wrigley's **SPEARMINT** in all your parcels and letters. He is sure to appreciate it.

5 bars 2½d. 40 bars 1/6.

Sold by all Chemists and Confectioners, and all Branches of Boots Cash Chemists, in 3d. bars—5 bars 2½d. Mammoth box of 40 bars for 1/6. If you find any difficulty in obtaining it, apply direct to—

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CROYDON—30, 32 and 34, George Street.
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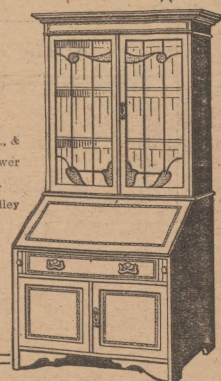
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A comfortable Divan Easy Chair, stuffed Fibre and Pile Spring Edge Seat, upholstered in Tapestry. The Pattern of which you may choose.

ONLY 55/-.



Inlaid Oak. Pure Oak. Bookcase, 3ft. wide, fitted with long drawer and cupboard at foot. ... **£6 18 6**

LOVE ME FOR EVER

By META
SIMMS



Olive Chayne.

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

OLIVE CHAYNE, a girl of unusual charm and looks, but with plenty of character.

RICHARD HEATHCOTE, a straightforward, rather rugged type of man, whose affections are sound.

RUPERT HEATHCOTE, his good-looking cousin, who lacks balance.

OLIVE CHAYNE is day-dreaming by the fire. Far down in her heart an imprisoned memory stirs restlessly.

She had been so certain that Rupert Heathcote loved her.

Her memories carried her back to a garden. The Heathcotes had been giving a farewell dance to Richard Heathcote, Rupert's cousin, who was going out to West Africa.

Olive had never quite understood Dick. He is very different from Rupert, the man she loved. At times he has been very friendly with her—and then he has been almost a stranger.

Olive closes her eyes with a sense of sick shame as she thinks of memories past and present. Something had betrayed her secret to Rupert that night in the garden. She had showed him all her heart. And this man who had only been philandering. And then he had walked away and left her.

Then she remembered how Dick came across the way—a changed Dick. It was as though he knew. He had been splendid, and her sore heart had been soothed.

But through it all she knew that there was only one man she loved—Rupert. And the end had come when a few weeks later he had gone out to join Dick.

As Olive Chayne sits there thinking a letter arrives. It comes from West Africa, and it is signed R. Heathcote. In a very frank, straightforward way it asks her to go out there and marry him. Olive Chayne is changed. And so Rupert really loves her after all. Then the telephone rings. It is her father. He tells her that he will need all her help in a crisis in his life.

In a moment all Olive Chayne's hopes are dashed to the ground. She remembers that she promised that she would always look after her father. With a breaking heart, she writes a letter back to Rupert Heathcote saying that she must refuse.

The next day she hears her father's news. It is that he is going to get married again. With a shock Olive realises that she has made her sacrifice in vain. Without hesitation, she sends a cable to Rupert Heathcote saying that the letter was a mistake and that she is coming out at once.

Olive Chayne arrives in West Africa, and Rupert Heathcote meets her.

He begins to apologise for Dick's absence. He talks so much about Dick that the terrible truth is forced upon Olive that she has come out to marry the wrong man—she had misread the signature in the letter.

She manages to deceive both Rupert and Dick for the time being, but all her terrors are revived when Rupert receives the letter which she had originally sent to him. He refuses to give it to her.

Olive and Dick are married. One day a woman traveller who has lost her way. She turns out to be "Brydon," though her name is Anita Beresford. Olive, through ill-luck, returns to England alone, and in Africa Mrs. Beresford tells Dick that she is really the wife of his old chief. A man named Duprez, who Dick strikes for insulting "Mrs. Beresford" awakens to have revenge.

Maddened with drink, which Rupert has dishonourably obtained for them, the natives rise and storm the bungalow. To wipe out the stain, Rupert dashes away for help. He is reported to be killed. Dick, after being wounded, returns to England, and he and Olive find that they love each other.

SOMEONE WHO CALLED.

OLIVE came into the little panelled sitting-room singing. Her voice was very low and sweet. To listen to it, Dick always thought, was to think of a bird crooning on her nest in the gloaming of a mother with all her love in her voice murmuring a lullaby to her child. In Africa he had never heard her sing. He knew now that she sang only when she was happy.

Her voice came to him as he paused on the terrace to speak to one of the men.

"To you—it is a rose."

"To me—it is my heart. . ."

She had roses in her hands, red roses that he had bought her in town—roses and violets that spoke of the south, of warm lands of the sun, where already Spring had come with all

her delights. Soon, perhaps, they would go in search of the sun—a long honeymoon tour through southern France and so into Italy. But not yet. Dick was not strong enough for travel yet.

The doctor had spoken seriously to Olive on the subject of her husband's health. The bullet wound that had very nearly ended his life in the compound at Keya on the night of the attack had troubled him a great deal. He was subject, too, to recurring attacks of fever, and at all times his nights were broken and troubled.

Even to Olive he had never spoken of the events of that night of the attack on Mrs. Gomez's house, or of Rupert's death. Africa and the things of Africa were like a book that was closed and fast sealed away from their unwilling eyes. But o' nights Africa had her revenge.

To Olive this was a matter both of relief and of regret, that she must not speak of the past. She would have liked to be able to speak of Rupert—to hear how he had died, and if any reconciliation had taken place in those moments when they had faced death together. No whisper of the slanders that had distressed Mrs. Heathcote had never reached her ears. Dick's mother had been very careful to see to that.

"Help me to forget. . ." The prayer Dick had prayed on that night of his return was ever in Olive's heart. She strove with every means that love could teach her to use to help him to put the past utterly behind him.

She laid her roses and violets down on the table and rang the bell.

I want some water and vases for my flowers, Measures," she said to the maid who came in. "I shall use this big bowl for the violets—it is just shallow enough."

Yes, madam. The woman turned to go out, then, and left.

"I am so glad," she said, a little hesitatingly. "A gentleman called to see Mr. Heathcote whilst you were in town. He would have waited, but he said it would be useless, as we had no idea when you would return. He left a letter."

"A letter? Did he give his name?"

"No, madam. He said that if I mentioned that he had come from Africa Mr. Heathcote would be angry."

"Where is the letter? Bring it to me, Measures, please," Olive said quickly. "Don't let Mr. Heathcote see it. It is on business, and I do not want him to be troubled."

"It is on the library table. Perhaps Mr. Heathcote has found it already."

"No; he's in the garden. Don't mind about it. I'll go to the library myself."

Olive crossed the hall hastily, with a suggestion of stealth in her movements. It was odd, and she was fully conscious of her foolishness, but the fact of this caller—"from Africa"—who had refused to give his name and left a letter instead, had raised a spirit of fear and trouble in her heart that had long been absent from it. From the library window she saw Dick crossing the lawn with the gardener.

He could not return to the house for five or ten minutes. She could make up her mind what to do with the letter in the meantime.

It lay on the big blotter on the desk that took up so large a portion of the floor room in the library. A letter addressed in strange, pointed, un-English writing that seemed more alien than ever on the blue hand-made paper that Mrs. Heathcote affected.

"Richard Heathcote."

That manner of address was foreign too. It was strange, but Olive conceived a hatred for the letter as she looked at it, at the thrice underlined "Urgent" that was written in the left-hand corner of the envelope.

What should she do with it? Dick had asked her to keep all thoughts and news of Africa as far from him as she could. It was obvious that he did not desire to be reminded of this man, whoever he was, or he would not have said so.

The obvious thing, of course, was to open the letter. There was no understanding on this matter between them, but there is between most husbands and wives. She could not imagine herself receiving any letter which she would have objected to Dick opening. Yet she was quite conscious that if he did open any of her letters she would be surprised.

Had she, then, any right to open his?

Her answer was to slit the envelope open. This was quite different. She was merely acting as Dick's secretary, following out his desire and the doctor's advice—to keep all possibly annoying correspondence or visitors from him.

It was not a long letter, yet it seemed to Olive to take a very long time to read. A little child wind seemed to steal into the room as she read; just such a little wind as she had known on African mornings before the sun rose. A wind whose breath was not sweet like the breath of an English morning, but feid with the vapours of the evil life of the swamp over which it had risen.

"On a night, not long since," the letter ran, "before we rode that last ride to Keya, we called 'pax,' you and I, in the face of a common danger. But I told you then it was only a trick. I write now to tell you that the trick is ended."

"You are very snug, are you not, with your beautiful home and your wife and your good name? Money has come to you, I am sure. Your good name? Do you hear me laugh as I write—you who know all that I know? Your good name! Think of the cousin who was sent to his death! There have been whisperings over that. But the other things—the denigration of the innocent natives who trusted the honour of an Englishman—of the criminal charge that ought to have been investigated before you fled from Africa—none of these things. No one but I know of these things."

"And I am I going to be silent for ever, I think you? I tell you no."

The letter scattered from Olive's hand with a sudden frightened jerk as the telephone on the desk rang sharply. But she had seen the signature: "Ferdinand Duprez."

OVER THE TELEPHONE.

"MR. HEATHCOTE—Mr. Richard Heathcote?" The thin voice that put the question was unfamiliar to Olive. Instantly she connected the speaker with the writer of the letter over which she had laid the blotting pad with a guilty haste as she answered the telephone.

"Who is speaking?" she asked.

"Oh, it is you, then, Mr. Heathcote? I know you, though you do not know me. Yet, have you not expected to hear from me? Have you not yet received my letter?"

"Ah! Then it is you, Duprez?"

When she had answered the call life last thought in Olive's mind had been to alter her voice or endeavour to simulate Dick's. Now she put forth all her effort to speak in a gruff voice.

"It is himself. You have my letter then?"

"Yes, I was reading it now—when your call came. Where are you speaking from?"

"I am, for the moment, in your charming town. I wished to be certain of your return—that your servants were speaking the truth. You wish to see me, eh? Ah, ha! Yes, I imagine that there is no one whom you so much wish to see."

"Your imagination appears to have grown robust," Olive said, speaking in Dick's dry tone, that she knew so well. "I shall have to see you, I suppose. Certainly, I do not intend to allow you to persecute me with letters such as I have received."

Perhaps there was a quiver of feminine indignation in the voice that reached Duprez over the wire, for he sent back a sharp suspicious question:—

"Who is that speaking?"

"Whom do you imagine? Your nerves are shaky. Did you fear it was the police?"

"The police?" There was no mistaking the derision in the voice. Olive felt her lip quiver.

"I have nothing to fear from the police, dear Heathcote. The book, as your English proverb so aptly puts it, is on the other foot. It is I who have but to go to the police, and with one little whisper send all that so charming house of cards you have reared about you tumbling—crash on to the ground."

The hand that held the receiver shook. The man was insolent. He spoke with assurance. All the mad indignation that had burned in Olive as she had read the letter seemed to die coldly in her heart.

"We shall see if you speak so confidently

when we are face to face," she forced herself to say. "Where can I see you?"

A desperate plan had come to her as she listened. She must see this man and discover what his intentions were—how much truth there was in his confident assertion that he could set an ugly scandal afoot. A scandal, yes, that was all, she knew that. But good men before now have been killed and ruined by the evil scandals of blackmailers.

"To-morrow? Yes? I am in comfortable apartments in Soho. Wardour-street—100B—very strange manner of numbering. I can expect you to-morrow—my convenience is yours?"

"To-morrow, yes. At twelve o'clock. Expect me then."

Abruptly Olive cut the man off as she heard her husband's voice in the hall. Her arm, attached with holding the receiver to her ear. Her throat was dry and parched. The eyes that met her own as she looked across at the long mirror above the mantelpiece were wide and dark with fear.

What was this awful thing that had come so suddenly into their life—this shadow stretched out across the seas from that accursed land, threatening their joy and peace?

She heard Dick calling her, but she did not answer. She had thrust Duprez's letter into the bosom of her gown. Now she waited like a guilty thing till she heard Dick, still calling her name, pass on and up the stairs.

Then, stealthily, her hand against the letter crushed there close to her breast, Olive crept out from the library and went into her own room, locking the door behind her.

She sat staring out blankly before her. She did not doubt, Dick for a moment, the real Dick she knew and loved. But Africa works strange madnesses in the blood. She had heard him say that too often, to be able to forget it.

What had happened in Africa that had made him turn white and shiver at the very mention of the country he had once told her that he loved?

Words from the letter that still lay against her troubled heart repeated themselves in her brain.

"What of the cousin you sent to his death?"

And with the question came a sudden vision of Rupert's face. The dark, handsome face, the burning, eloquent eyes of the man who had loved her.

There was a look in the eyes now as they looked into their own—an accusing look.

With a little cry Olive pressed her hands against her eyelids, crushing them down as though to shut out the vision.

"To-morrow," she spoke, the word aloud, forcing her thoughts back to the present—"to-morrow. . ."

This appointment she had made with Duprez—could she keep it? And if she did—with what result?

She could think of nothing—plan nothing. She was conscious only of one dominant thought. She must save Dick.

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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Deputation Season.

Although this is wartime, Cabinet Ministers do not appear to have escaped from the usual crop of deputations which they have to hear during the first fortnight of every session. As there is little chance of any legislation except on war matters, the opportunity might have been taken to have dropped the deputation business this year. After all, what is the percentage of deputations which succeed in getting what they want?



Lord Devonport.

Prime Minister by the heads of the docks of the United Kingdom. Mr. O'Connor introduced the deputation, which was headed by Lord Devonport. It would be interesting to know what introduction the Prime Minister required before meeting Lord Devonport, for the two gentlemen sat in C.B.'s Ministry ten years ago! We do stand upon ceremony.

M.P.s Not Excepted.

Among the suffering ones from the recent Zeppelin raid is a respected and popular member of the House of Commons. His house was partly demolished by a bomb. He is suffering yet from the shock.

The Latest Vote of Credit.

I heard the whole of Mr. Asquith's speech in the House of Commons last night in introducing the new Vote of Credit. It was not a very inspiring performance, consisting as it did for the most part of a recital of figures. What most impressed me was the matter-of-fact, almost airy, way in which he reeled off sums running into thousands of millions of pounds.

Bored.

M.P.s are accustomed to huge figures now, days, and it is not surprising therefore that last night they listened to the Prime Minister's statement with obvious boredom. At least half a dozen of the "four hundred-pounders" were yawning before it was over, and many men in khaki in the public gallery crept out after listening for about half an hour.

An R.A. in Whitechapel.

One night last week I went down to the Pavilion Theatre, Mile End-road. In the box opposite mine I saw Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A., obviously highly interested in the acting, the audience and the play. That really great Russian actor Maurice Moscovitch was giving Leo Tolstoy's strange play, "The Living Corpse," and I noticed that Mr. Sargent was closely following the dialogue, in Yiddish.

Resourceful Genius.

Matter-of-fact Manager: But suppose your play doesn't get over the footlights? Wild-eyed Dramatist: Remove them!

Referees.

There was quite a galaxy of notable referees as well as notable boxers at the Golders Green Hippodrome last night, when Sergeant Dick Burke's great all-khaki boxing carnival was staged before a crowded house.



Mr. J. T. Hulls.

The referees were Mr. Eugene Corri, Mr. J. Hulls and Mr. P. J. Moss, whose journalistic work is so familiar to readers of *The Daily Mirror*.

Still Smiles.
I suppose that Mr. "Jim" Hulls has officiated at almost every kind of boxing contest that can well be imagined. He has faced some "rough houses" in his time, and figured as the centre of some tumultuous scenes. And on the night of the Carpenter and Smith affair he caught an unlucky blow and went to the boards. Still, he always comes up smiling.

Insuring Her Back.

Miss Laura Guerite, the original "bare back" girl in America, told me at the Savoy that she is insuring her arms and back for £2,000. I learn that she may be seen at the Alhambra before very long.

Why He Is Not a Soldier.

Mr. Kennerley Rumford said to me the other day: "I might now be a British general directing operations at the front instead of a mere singer doing his bit for the Red Cross but for the advice of Sbriglia, the Italian professor of the voice. In my 'cramming' days, when I was trying for a commission, he happened to hear me sing at an At Home. He urged me to throw over my military-text books, and I trained for the concert platform."

Pathos Triumphant.

I saw a military bridal party leaving a well-known South London church on Saturday last. As has now become the fashion, the porch was lined by some of the bridegroom's fellow warriors, who made a triumphal arch, not of swords, nor lances, nor rifles, but crutches.

Fancy Watches.

A West End jeweller showed me the most dazzling collection of freak watches, some of them covered with coruscating precious stones. "The demand for this kind of thing is greater than ever before in my experience," he told me.

In "The Love Thief."

When "The Love Thief," which I am told is a particularly strong and stirring drama, is done at the Queen's Miss Miriam Lewis



Miss Miriam Lewis.

will have an important part. Although her parents are English, Miss Lewis is a Russian by birth. She started her career as a dancer.

"Tommy's" at the Zoo.

There is no more popular resort in London for wounded "Tommy's" these days than the Zoological Gardens. During a stroll round the grounds I found the place full of soldiers. In the Monkey House I came across a cheery party of five, wearing the familiar blue hospital uniform, teaching one of the inmates some tricks. Two Belgian officers were there joining in the fun.

"The Fall of Jerusalem."

In one of the northern suburbs the other day when the editions of the evening papers sent out the news of the splendid victory of the Russians over the Turks an excited newspaper boy tore through the streets yelling "Latest war news—the fall of Jerusalem!" It was as near as he could get to Jeruslem.

Zepps or—What?

A friend of mine at Brighton tells me he has had a lot of bother with the "specials" over the laths of his Venetian blinds. Some say they must be turned at one angle to exclude the light, while others insist on a different angle. At last, exasperated by contradictory orders, his wife exclaimed: "What is it we are guarding against—Zepps or submarines?"

The Largest Size in Gloves.

A recently-joined Terrier was telling me this story against himself the other day. He went into a shop in the Strand for a pair of gloves. "What number?" asked the hostler. Taken aback, and thinking only of his regimental number, the Terrier answered, "Two thousand and ten." Some size!

Not Camera Mad.

I am showing you to-day just a very little portrait of brilliant Miss Ethel Levey, who has scored yet another success in "Follow the Crowd." As a matter of fact, photographs of Miss Levey are rather hard to get. She does not share that enthusiasm for the photographer which is so prevalent with many theatrical artists.



Miss Ethel Levey.

But I shall not be contented until I have seen her in tragedy, for she has the true tragedienne's temperament.

What "Pussy Cats" Are at the Front.

A staff officer was telling me that when our anti-aircraft guns fire the empty shrapnel cases frequently fall on our trenches. They are called "pussy cats" by our men on account of the whining noise they make in descending. They are very heavy "pussy cats," burying themselves as they do a couple of feet in the ground.

A Famous Regiment.

Like many other constituencies, East Herts has subscribed a number of its electors to the war, and the county has good reason to be proud of its soldiers, the Territorials in particular. The Herts Terriers had the honour of being attached to the Guards Regiments in the early stages of the war, and acted as a support when Michael O'Leary won the Victoria Cross.

Inventions.

I see that several fortunes have been made by war "inventors." Does this refer to the optimistic "experts"?

Coincidence.

Some eight years ago I was interested in a political League. The night before last a man mentioned the League to me, and in the night I dreamt of the secretary. Walking along the Strand yesterday afternoon, I met the secretary, whom I had not seen for eight years. He was wounded at Givenchy, and had only just left hospital.

Fortunes from Coconut.

A City friend tells me that quite a large number of fortunes have been made through the war economy that substitutes nut margarine for butter. "The demand has been a godsend to hundreds of people," he says. "It's not only the manufacturers and sellers who have gained, but chiefly the owners of shares in plantations."

The Soldiers' Concerts.

There are twice-daily concerts just behind the trenches, I hear. Two girls and four "Tommy's," with the approval of the authorities, are a permanent party. Their programme changes, but the artists remain the same. They are nameless. What a reception they will get at some hall after the war!

Women More Punctual.

Two men in khaki were watching for two fair damsels in the vestibule of a theatre the other evening where I was also awaiting a friend. Said one of the men: "I'll bet you anything they'll be late. I believe women think it's the right thing to keep you waiting." "Ah, they used to," replied the other, "but that sort of thing is quite out of date, old man. They'll be here to the tick of time—they've five minutes yet." And at the tick of time in the girls walked.

It's an Ill Wind, etc.

There were two well-known London actors who had not spoken to each other for five years. During the week when the anti-Zeppelin gale was blowing London about they were both struggling along the Strand. Suddenly the wind took them up and literally blew them into each other's arms. Both apologised and then both laughed. They stood still for a moment and then shook hands, made up their five-year-old quarrel, and adjourned to the Savoy bar.

THE RAMBLER.



Suffered from Rickets.

A MOTHER WRITES:

I am enclosing photo of my little girl aged 4. When she was a baby she suffered from rickets, could not walk or even sit alone until she was three years old. Then I gave her Virol for six months. She is four years and so fat and strong. I think Virol is the best thing in the world for weakly babies as I have proved it so.

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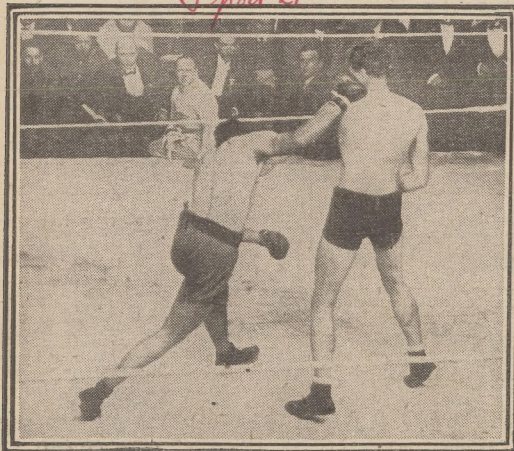
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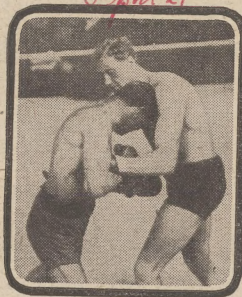
WELLS KNOCKS OUT SMITH IN LAST NIGHT'S GREAT KHAKI CONTEST.



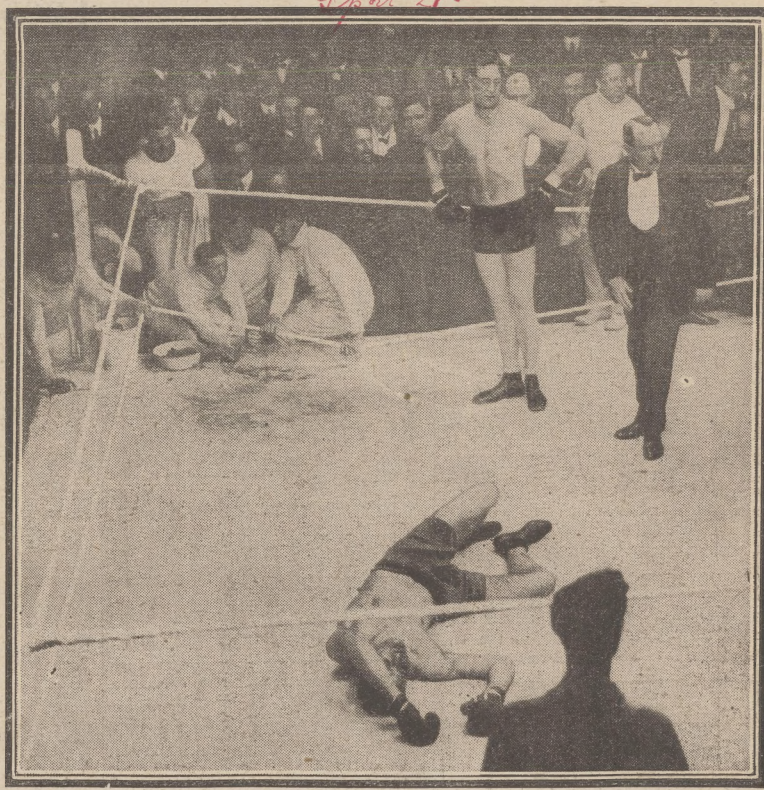
Smith gets in a right swing.



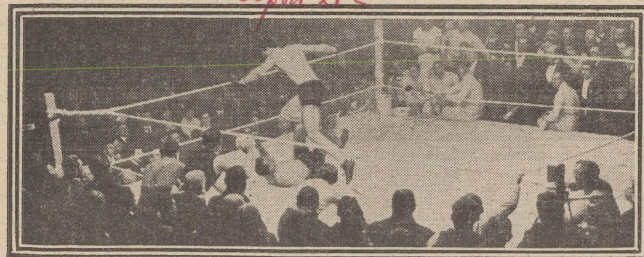
Smith looks distressed.



The men in a clinch.

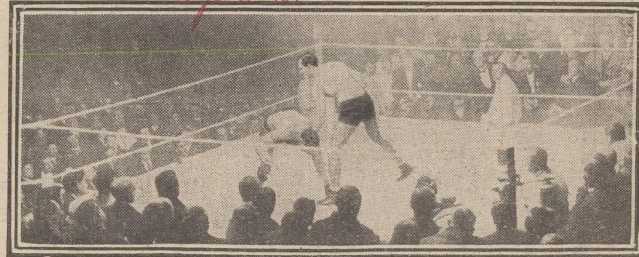


Out! Wells looks as though he did not expect Smith to get up again.



Wells jumps over Smith after knocking him down.

By defeating Sergeant-Instructor Smith in the third round in the great khaki boxing tournament at the Golders Green Hippodrome last night, Sergeant-Instructor "Billy" Wells again proved that he has no equal among heavy-weight boxers in Great Britain.



Smith ducks in order to avoid a left swing.

When the men met last year Wells found it a difficult task to defeat his opponent, but this time he practically had Smith beaten from the start. The hall was packed.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

JOFFRE'S PIPES: YOUNG FRENCH SOLDIERS RECEIVE WELCOME GIFTS.



French soldiers of the 1916 class. General Joffre has just visited their camp and distributed pipes.—(By permission of L'Illustration and the Illustrated London News.)